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Nature's Progress

IN

POETRY,

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

Serious POEMS.

1078. g. 21
62

By ALEXANDER NICOL, Teacher of *English* at *ABERNYTE.*

A Verse may hit him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

HERBERT.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A COLLECTION OF *Serious* POEMS ON Divers SUBJECTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

An Invocation to the heavenly Muſe.

URANIA, if Minions mean, like me,
Might but a Proſtrate at thy Footſtool be,
I fain would ſing ſome Out-lines in thy Name;
O fire my Heart, and bring my Soul in Frame.
Ye heavenly Muſe, the Queen of all the Nine,
Thy Inſpirations, lofty and divine,
Can make a Peaſant 'bove a Prince to ſhine.

To me, illit'rate, clog'd with worldly Care,
Extend thy Bounty, that I may declare
Thy Goodneſs great, and condeſcending Love,
Tho' in mean ſcribling Spheres my Pen ſhould move.
Yet this thy Wonders ſplendidly diſplays,
When meaneſt Thoughts are fill'd with divine Lays.
O ſacred Muſe! thy Influence diſpence;
Inſpire my Soul; diſpel my Ignorance.

Forty five Wonders; or an Imitation of a Pamphlet of moral Sayings, called, A Book of Fives, *or,* Five and forty Wonders.

I, in my Imitation, turn the Strain
Unto divine, what may-be was profane.

I. Five ſacred Wonders.

1. GOD's making all Things of nothing. 2. *Noah*'s Preſervation in the Ark. 3. *Lot*'s Deliverance from *Sodom*. 4. *Lot*'s Wife being turned into a Pillar of Salt. 5. The Son of God being made Man.

II. Five perilous Times to live in.

1. In Time of War. 2. In Time of Famine. 3. In Time of Peſtilence. 4. In Time of Perſecution. 5. In Time when the Spirit of God is withdrawn from his Ordinances.

III. Five hard Things we are liable to.

1. To the Miſeries of this Life. 2. To the Guilt of Sin. 3 To the Temptations of Satan. 4. To Death itſelf. 5. To the Pains of Hell for ever.

IV. Five

IV. Five great Bleſſings attainable.

1. To have an Intereſt in the Covenant of Grace. 2. To have Communion and Fellowſhip with God. 3. To have the holy Spirit for our Guide. 4. To have the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt made ours. 5. To have the Joys of Heaven at laſt.

V. Five Marks to know a Chriſtian by.

1. By his abhorring ſinful Actions. 2. By his Love to God's People. 3. By his commending Chriſt in his Talk. 4. By his communicating Knowledge to others. 5. By his Patience under Afflictions.

VI. Five Pieces of Chriſtian Armour.

1. Faith. 2. Hope. 3. Love. 4. Truth. 5. Prayer.

VII. Five predominant Sins.

1. Unbelief. 2. Ignorance. 3. Self-conceit. 4. Carnal Security. 5. An immoderate Love of the World.

VIII. Five bad Neighbours.

1. They who by their Practice give bad Example. 2. That do and wiſh to wound our Reputation. 3. They that intrude upon our Privileges. 4. Thoſe that mock at religious Duties. 5. A careleſs lazy Miniſter.

IX. Five Wiſhes.

1. To be free of Afflictions. 2. To have a Competency of Temporalities 3. To be well eſteemed. 4. To have a good Conſcience. 5. To dy the Death of the Righteous.

X. Five Perſons that out-lived their Day of Grace.

1. *Cain.* 2. *Iſhmael.* 3. *Eſau.* 4. *Saul.* 5. *Judas Iſcariot.*

XI. Five Things Man loſt by the Fall.

1. Perfect Knowledge. 2. Saving Righteouſneſs. 3. True Holineſs. 4. Communion with God. 5. Dominion over the Creatures.

XII. Five

XII. Five of God's Attributes we ought to mind. 1. His Omnipotence. 2. His Omniſcience. 3. His Goodneſs. 4. His Juſtice. 5. His Omnipreſence.

XIII. Five Signs of God's Diſpleaſure at Sin.

1. His deſtroying the old World by the Flood. 2. His deſtroying *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*. 3. His cauſing the Children of *Iſrael* to wander forty Years in the Wilderneſs. 4. His delivering them into Captivity. 5. His delivering his own Son to the Death for Sin.

XIV. Five Things that make the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt.

1. A being enlightned in the divine Myſtery. 2. A Conviction of Sin. 3. An open Profeſſion of Religion. 4. A willful Apoſtacy from the Truth. 5. A Malice in the Heart againſt Chriſt.

XV. Five Sorts not capable of commiting that Sin.

1. Thoſe that have but the Light of Nature. 2. Idiots, or the groſly ignorant. 3. The elect Angels. 4. Infants. 5. True Believers.

XVI. Five Sorts of Fear.

1. A filial Fear of God, the beſt. 2. A ſlaviſh Fear of Hell, the worſt. 3. A Fear of Goblins and Devils, denoting a Want of Faith and Confidence in God. 4. A Fear of Men, by which ſome ſhrink from the Truth. 5. A Fear of being diſgraced, which deters many from groſs Out-breakings.

XVII. Five Things that may make us humble.

1. To think on our Birth, becauſe we are born under God's Wrath. 2. To think on our Youth, that then we begin to ſin actually. 3. To think on Death. 4. To think on Judgment, that the Sentence is not to be reverſed. 5. To think on Eternity.

XVIII. Five

XVIII. Five Things we need not be proud of.

1. Of Health; for God may ſoon ſmite us with Sickneſs. 2. Of Strength; for a Fall may make us lame. 3. Of Wealth; for Riches make themſelves Wings, and fly away. 4. Of Honour; for we may fall under Contempt. 5. Of Children; for Death may ſoon rob us of them.

XIX. Five Sorts of Company we ought to ſhun.

1. Liars. 2. Swearers. 3. Tale-Bearers. 4. Scoffers at Religion. 5. Willful Ignorants.

XX. Five mortal Enemies.

1. The Devil, who daily ſeeks to devour us. 2. The Devil's Agents, that work his Will. 3. The World, who, by its Vanities, allures us. 4. Our own Hearts, that are moſt deceitful. 5. Our natural Corruptions.

XXI. Five bad Qualities naturally in the Mind of Man.

1. Pride. 2. Paſſion. 3. Ambition. 4. Self-Love. 5. Worldly-mindedneſs.

XXII. Five Conſequences that follow theſe.

1. Contempt on Pride. 2. Shame on Paſſion. 3. Diſappointment on Ambition. 4. Eternal Ruin on Self-Love. 5. Vanity on Wordly-mindedneſs.

XXIII. Five Things that prove there is a God.

1. His Works of Creation. 2. His common Providence. 3. His more ſpecial Providence. 4. His Word. 5. Our own Conſciences.

XXIV. Five Things that aggravate the Guilt of Goſpel Hearers.

1. The Freeneſs of ſpiritual Knowledge. 2. Their Inattention to the Word preached. 3. Their willful Neglects of known Duties. 4. Their Prejudices againſt the People of God. 5. Their chuſing of Sin inſtead of Holineſs.

XXV. Five Things we cannot know.

1. We cannot know God unto Perfection. 2. We know not the Day of our Death. 3. We know not when

when the Day of Judgment will be. 4. We know not the Case of our departed Friends. 5. We know not the Union of Christ's two Natures.

XXVI. Five Things we ought to know.

1. To know what we are by Nature. 2. To know the Mystery of Salvation by Jesus Christ. 3. To know the State of our own Hearts. 4. To know the Will of God revealed in the Scriptures. 5. To know when the Holy Spirit worketh with our Consciences.

XXVII. Five Things that are Matter of Praise.

1. That our Lot is fallen in a Land of Light. 2. That we are yet alive in the Place of Mercy. 3. That God carves out Things for our Advantage, beyond our Expectation or Merit. 4. That we have Freedom and Access to serve God according to our Conscience. 5. That God affords us the Necessaries of a present Life.

XXVIII. Five Things that never was, but will be.

1. All that are alive never died. 2. There was never a general Resurrection. 3. The Earth was never yet refined by Fire. 4. There was never yet a Day of general Judgment. 5. Believers were never yet perfectly happy.

XXIX. Five Things that cannot be.

1. No Man can be exeemed from Death. 2. The Wicked cannot be unpunished. 3. The fallen Angels cannot be restored to Happiness. 4. The Promises of God cannot fail. 5. Real Believers cannot totally fall away.

XXX. Five Subjects of Meditation.

1. The Love of God. 2. The Sufferings of Christ. 3. The Causes of Christ's Sufferings. 4. The State of our Souls. 5. Eternity.

XXXI. Five Things we must deny.

1. Salvation in any Thing, save in Jesus Christ. 2. All Merit in our own Performances. 3. Worldly Lusts and Pleasures. 4. Our own Strength to perform Duties. 5. All Rules, save the Word of God.

XXXII. Five

XXXII. Five Reaſons why Chriſt became Man.

1. His Love he had to elect Sinners of Mankind. 2. Becauſe his Father ſet him apart to redeem Sinners. 3. Becauſe he engaged, in the Covenant of Redemption, to redeem Sinners. 4. Becauſe he could not ſuffer in his Godhead only. 5 Becauſe he wanted to diſplay his glorious Triumph over the Devil, the World, Sin, Death and Hell.

XXXIII. Five wonderful Records of God's delivering his People, contrary to human Means.

1. His delivering *Lot* out of the Midſt of the Overthrow of *Sodom*. 2. His bringing the Children of *Iſrael* thro' the Red-ſea. 3. His preſerving *Jonah* by a Whale. 4. His preſerving *Daniel* in the Den of Lions. 5. His preſerving the three Children in the fiery Furnace.

XXXIV. Five Sorts of Perſons that are abominable in the Sight of God.

1. Theſe that are in Familiarity and Compact with the Devil. 2. Theſe that uſe Incantations and Charms. 3. Theſe that are Hypocrites in Religion. 4. Theſe that love to ſpeak unclean Language. 5. Theſe that jeſt on ſacred and divine Things.

XXXV. Five Sorts that ought to be excluded Chriſtian Society.

1. Theſe that pronounce Curſes and Imprecations againſt theſe that injure them. 2. Theſe that ſtrive to kindle Strife among Neighbours. 3. Theſe that are obſtinate, and reject good Admonitions. 4. Theſe that are habitual Swearers and Profaners of God's Names. 5. Theſe that are covetous, and overreach others.

XXXVI. Five Things that have a continual Motion.

1. Our Time is continually ſpending. 2. Our Hearts are continually working up Corruption. 3. The Devil is continually going about to tempt us. 4. The Spirit of God is continually working either with one or another. 5. Our Conſciences are continually writing the Records of our Life.

XXXVII. Five Things that are unalterable.

1. The Decrees of God. 2. The Attributes of God. 3. The Promiſes of God. 4. The Love of Chriſt to Believers. 5. The final Sentence of the Wicked.

XXXVIII. Five Advantages peculiar to Believers.

1. They are ſealed, by the holy Spirit of God, to the Day of Redemption. 2. They have the Conſolations of the holy Spirit under Afflictions. 3. Grace is ſufficient for them under the Temptations of Satan. 4. Sin cannot have an abſolute Dominion over them. 5 To them the Guilt of Sin (which is the Sting of Death) is taken away.

XXXIX Five Diſadvantages peculiar to the Wicked.

1. They are led aſtray by the Error of the Wicked. 2. They are ſealed, as it were, by the Decree of God, to Damnation. 3. Their Conſciences are ſeared, as it were, with an hot Iron. 4. They are under the Power and Dominion of Sin. 5. They ly open to all the Temptations of the Devil.

XL. Five infallible Signs of God's departing from his Ordinances.

1. The Schiſms and Diviſions among the Clergy. 2. The Prevailing and Increaſe of Sin among all Ranks. 3. The prevailing Deadneſs among Profeſſors. 4. The ſeeming Careleſſneſs of Miniſters. 5. The Unſucceſsfulneſs of the Goſpel.

XLI. Five Parts in Prayer.

1. A Preface, Introduction, or our Addreſs to God. 2. A Confeſſion of Sins, and our own Unworthineſs. 3. Petitions, or begging what we ſtand in need of. 4. Thankſgivings for Mercies formerly received. 5. A Concluſion, or aſcribing Praiſe and Glory to the holy Trinity.

XLII. Five Things we ought to beware of in Prayer.

1. Of vain or irreverent Speech. 2. Of wandering Thoughts. 3. Of miſapplying our Speech. 4. Of

Of expecting to be heard for our own Sakes. 5. Of Miſapprehentions of the holy Trinity.

XLIII. Five Things we ought to regard in our Converſations.

1. To bridle our Tongues. 2. To curb our Paſſions. 3. To beware of Intemperance or Exceſs. 4. To be humble in the Sight of God and Man. 5. To deal honeſtly with all Men.

XLIV. Five Parties that cannot be pleaſed.

1. God cannot be pleaſed with Sin. 2. The Devil cannot be pleaſed with Holineſs. 3. Believers cannot be pleaſed with the Corruptions of their own Hearts. 4. The Wicked cannot be pleaſed with the Law, becauſe it is againſt the Gratification of their ſinful Appetites. 5. The Creation cannot be pleaſed with the Bondage of Corruption, for it is ſaid to groan under it.

XLV. Five Hiſtories we ought frequently to read.

1. The Hiſtory of the Being, Eſſence, Attributes, Union and Properties of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt. 2. The Hiſtory of the three Covenants, viz. Of Works, Redemption, and Grace. 3. The Hiſtory of Jeſus Chriſt, as God, Man, Prophet, Prieſt and King. 4. The Hiſtory of our own Lives, relating to our Tranſactions with God. 5. The Hiſtory of the Reſurrection, and Judgment to come.

I cannot ſay that I this Work have wrought;
For GOD gave me Will, Mem'ry, Skill and Thought.
Therefore, to thee, O GOD, I give the Praiſe;
All's thine I have, my Life, and Length of Days.
I'm but a Babe, for Learning I have none;
But yet, in me, thy Pow'r and Wiſdom's ſhown.
For, from my Pen, ſome Things at Times have paſt,
That's made myſelf admire; and, at the laſt,
Look up to thee, who guides the Hearts of Kings;
And Babes, by thee, are taught myſterious Things.

Alphabetical Verſes on the Life of MAN, being eight Verſes annexed to each Letter.

A Verſe may hit him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

HERBERT.

With heavenly Eloquence, LORD, fill my Soul;
O fire my dead Heart with an Altar-Coal.

PENNYCUICK.

PROLOGUE.

WAKE, heav'nly MUSE, aſſiſt my rural Quill;
Fain wou'd I ſing, but, oh! I want the Skill.
Supply Defects, my Loſſes all repair,
And let me be the Object of thy Care.
Direct my Fancy in this weak Eſſay,
While I ſhall ſing Man's Progreſs and his Way,
From Infancy to Childhood, unto Youth,
The young Man's Beauty, and his Age and Growth,
Manhood, old Age, Converſion, Hope and Faith,
The Brevity of all his Life to Death;
As I have ſeen, experienced oft;
Altho' my Fancy do not ſoar aloft,
By Nature taught, I ſing forth as I can,
And ſtile the Poem, *The Life and Age of Man.*

AN helpleſs Infant, Man, at firſt, appears
Upon this Stage, perhaps to ſtay ſome Years.
Forlorn by Nature, deſtitute of Art,
Till thoſe that's more mature muſt take his Part.

All

All other Creatures Nature ſhe provides
With ſome Defence, as Feathers, Paws, or Hides.
But no Defence poor Infant MAN can make,
He's ſo defective, naked, poor, and weak.

BEHOLD the Infant all in Tears doth mourn ;
Liable to Death, to Hell, and Devils Scorn.
Danger ſurrounds him ; but, in Midſt of Death,
God's Goodneſs lends him Being, Life, and Breath.
His Providence protects him from all Ill ;
Such is the Goodneſs of his Sovereign Will.
In Miſery his Infancy he ſpends ;
To Vanity his Youth and Childhood tends.

CHILDHOOD and Youth are ſurely Vanity,
Involv'd in Sin and ſinful Miſery.
No pleaſant Flower appears more fair and bright,
Than Children do, ſtill in their Parents Sight.
Sure Children wiſe much joys the Father's Heart ;
But thoſe that's fooliſh proves the Mother's Smart.
Yea Fooliſhneſs in Childrens Hearts are bound ;
Correction only cures the ſinful Wound.

DELIGHTED with vain idle Sports and Play,
His precious Time in Madneſs ſpends away.
Rambling thro' Youth, and all its vain Conceits,
Sometimes mad Laughter drives him into Frets.
Sometimes he's pleas'd, ſometimes in Anger frowns;
Except compell'd, Religion he diſowns.
Sure our Preſerver is the GOD of Truth,
That keeps from Danger poor raſh heedleſs Youth.

EACH Paſſion ſtrong, nurs'd with pure vig'rous Blood,
He boaſts of Strength ; of each Acquirement proud.
He kicks and laughs at carking Cares of Life,
Thinks to enjoy untainted Pleaſures rife.

Poor

Poor giddy Fool, what knows thou but this Night
Thy precious Soul may take its Farewel-flight
Unto the diſtant World of Spirits, where,
While laſts Eternity, thou ſhalt be there?

FOR, ſure we are but Strangers on this Earth;
We 'gin to dy e'en at our very Birth.
This earthly Houſe wherein our Soul ſojourns,
Soon crumbles down, and unto Duſt returns.
Our Souls immortal, paves their airy Way
T' eternal Night, or to eternal Day;
To heav'nly Joys, or endleſs Woes of Hell;
Poor blinded Youth, to which thou canſt not tell.

GLAD lives the Youth in Merriment and Play;
Spends many Days inſenſibly away.
His manly Actions managing with Art,
Ere he the Secrets of his Love impart;
By Wreſtling, Running, or ſome handy Craft,
For this he knows will prove the wounding Shaft,
To win the Fortreſs of his Miſtreſs' Heart;
Th' Intrigue will hold, if DAMON be expert.

HOW high aſpires a young Man's haughty Mind?
To Honour and the World, how much inclin'd?
Ambition fills his Soul in ev'ry Part;
And wanton CUPID too muſt break his Heart.
The piercing Rays from NELLY's flowing Eyes,
Makes him eſteem her as the faireſt Prize.
His Mind is reſtleſs then, both Day and Night,
Till he enjoy (he thinks) his Heart's Delight.

IN this vain World he's never ſatisfy'd;
He ſomething wants, for all he hath beſide.
Man's Happineſs, while here, is ne'er complete;
Tho' ſmiling Fortune ſhould his Heart invite

To

To ſay, O young Man, in thy Youth rejoice;
Taſte all the Sweets; of all Delights make choice;
Yet Conſcience bids him all ſuch Thoughts disband;
For, know thou muſt yet in GOD's Judgment ſtand.

JUST then, as Conſcience whiſpers him the Ear,
It ſtrikes him ſtreight Way in a panick Fear.
But, too too ſoon, he ſtifles theſe Convictions,
And diſregards ſuch heav'nly Predictions.
As Dogs unto their Vomit doth return,
Or Sow from waſhing, in the Mire to ſpurn;
So he returns unto his former Life,
And dallies with his fond new wedded Wife.

KEENLY purſuing carnal Ends, not knowing,
That to the Fleſh, poor harden'd Fool, he's ſowing;
And that, ere long, Corruption he ſhall reap,
And plunge headlong in utter Darkneſs deep:
There ever, ever, in Hell's Flames to burn,
And never, never, from the ſame return,
While GOD is GOD, or Heav'n ſubſiſts in Being;
Confounded with the Thoughts of Death, not dying.

LESS than a Hand-breadth, or a narrow Span,
Is that ſhort Age and ſcanty Life of Man;
Yea, e'en as nothing, in JEHOVAH's Eye,
Or when compar'd with vaſt Eternity.
Much like a Stranger in ſome foreign Place,
That great Affairs muſt manage in ſhort Space,
By which he is to gain immortal Fame,
Or, if neglected, Scorn, Reproach and Shame.

MAN's Life is ſuch, Experience doth ſhow;
We are but Strangers in this Earth below.
Our Time is ſhort, yea, and uncertain too;
And here we have great Buſineſs to do:

Eter-

Eternal Life, and glorious Diadem,
Or Horror, Darkneſs, and eternal Flame.
If diligent, the former we ſhall gain;
But, if neglective, we the laſt obtain.

NOW, Strength of Nature makes poor Man forget
How deep he ſtands in his Creator's Debt.
He tents the World, whether it frowns or ſmiles;
Proſp'rous or adverſe Fortune him beguiles:
Either puft up with Health, Wealth, Pride and Eaſe,
Or preſt with Toil to ſuit Neceſſities.
Sure this is true, That great Men are a Ly,
And Men of low Eſtate are Vanity.

O WONDERFUL the Goodneſs is of GOD,
Who Men with Mercies plenteouſly doth load.
Tho' he, regardleſs of his holy Law,
Runs on in Sin, without Dread, Fear or Awe,
Yet GOD's great Goodneſs holds him in Subſiſtence;
In Midſt of Danger, ſends divine Aſſiſtance.
But ſure this will Man's Condemnation prove,
The ſlighting Light and Goodneſs, Grace and Love.

PENSIVE and ſad our Man is now become;
Views at a Diſtance his approaching Tomb.
When he reflects on Times 'fore paſt and gone,
It makes him ſigh with many bitter Groan.
His Conſcience tells him he is all forlorn,
And that it had been good he'd ne'er been born:
At his Wit's End, near ready to Deſpair,
Scarce dares he venture to groan out a Pray'r.

QUICKLY he turns, without the leaſt Delay,
To keep GOD's Teſtimony and his Way:
Yet no Salvation this Way can he ſee;
For that the Law no Man can juſtifie.

The

The Guilt of Sin he from the Womb did bring,
Accuſe him ſore, and doth his Conſcience ſting;
Till in the Goſpel JESUS CHRIST he ſee,
By Faith mixt with pure Hope and Charitie.

REJOICING now, with Joy beyond Expreſſion,
That JESUS CHRIST hath finiſhed Tranſgreſſion,
By nailing Sin unto his Croſs, and then
Aſcending up on high, in Sight of Men,
To GOD's Right-hand, where he, as their high Prieſt,
Makes Interceſſion in the Holieſt;
Not ev'ry Year, but once for all obtain'd
For us Redemption; Righteouſneſs unſtain'd.

SEE now the glorious Privilege of Man,
More valuable than e'er this World can
Afford to any; nay, at cheaper Rate:
We are the Bankrupts; JESUS paid the Debt,
And ſet us free; nay, more, he gives, beſide
Fair heav'nly Manſions, with himſelf to bide,
If we by Faith claim Merit in his Blood,
And Faith's not ours, it is the Gift of GOD.

THE great tranſcendent boundleſs Love of GOD
To Sinners, ſuch as we, is very odd.
Free Grace and Love to Slaves and Rebels born;
When he oft call'd, we oft refus'd to turn;
Till, by his Pow'r, he op'ns our blinded Eyes,
And lets us ſee wherein our Mis'ry lies;
And that he hath a Salve to cure each Wound:
Happy the Man whom GOD hath ſought and found.

UNDER old Age Man ſeems, at laſt, to bow;
His Fleſh turns looſe, his Fore-head Wrinkles plow;
His Teeth decays; his Crown all bald appears;
His Joints are ſtiff, and deafned turns his Ears.

Phlegm and Coughs diſturb his nightly Reſt;
Sore wand'ring Pains his Body doth moleſt.
His Eyes are dim, he fetcheth ſhort his Breath;
Expecting hourly his approaching Death.

VARIOUS Diſeaſes interrupt his Health;
He ſees no Pleaſure, tho' he ſwims in Wealth.
But if renewed by Regeneration,
GOD's holy Spirit gives him Conſolation.
He longs and pants to have his Faith in Viſion,
And that his Hope were turn'd into Fruition.
Fain would he leave his tottering earthly Tent,
To be with CHRIST above the Firmament.

WHAT Emblem better Man's Life repreſents,
Than SPYNX his Riddle to THEB's Inhabitants?
The Meaning whereof, OEDIPUS did ſay,
Was, That MAN's Life was like one ſingle Day.
His Infancy to Morning he compares;
Full Age high Noon; old Ald Age Night's Image bears.
Man in his Morning creeps on Hands and Knees;
Erect at Noon, Night comes, a Staff ſupplies.

XERXES from an Hill he view'd his mighty Hoſt,
And weept to think how ſoon they'd all turn Duſt.
How many Children in their Non-age dy?
How many when come to Maturity?
Alas! how many dy without expecting?
How many ceas'd, their Errand here neglecting?
How few are left, till they thro' Age decline?
How few reſerv'd in Heav'n with CHRIST to ſhine?

YET, howſoever ſhort MAN's Life may ſeem,
Moſt Part thereof is paſt as in a Dream.
One half we ſleep; in Non-age Reaſon may
Be ſeen too weak, and in old Age decay.

Since

Since Reaſon's weak and Life ſo very ſhort,
Let us be caution'd to redreſs our Hurt,
By ſeeking GOD (ſince his free Grace abound)
And call on him while he is to be found.

ZACCHEUS like, let us by Faith climb up
With Pray'r to Heav'n, ere Death us interrupt.
When Death attacks us, we no more can have
Of th' World, except a Coffin, Sheet and Grave.
The whole Concluſion of the Matter hear,
Let us be virtuous, and our GOD ſtill fear;
Keeping his Laws with all the Care we can:
This is the Duty of frail fading Man.

CONCLUSION.

THE Letters are what every Child that learns
Attains by Heart, before he well decerns
The Sound of Words, or Syllabs can pronounce.
So get theſe Lines, and what they do evince,
By Heart; and they may give you ſome Impreſſions,
Both of Salvation and of your Tranſgreſſions;
Of Infancy, of Child-hood, and of Youth;
Experience will tell they ſpeak the Truth.
And, in old Age, when more you come to learn,
The Truth of all you'll certainly decern.

The four Seaſons of the Year compared to the four Ages of Man's Life, viz. *Infancy, Childhood or Youth, Manhood and old Age.*

I. WINTER.

THE Abſence of the Sun gives Place to Colds;
Earth's Pores are ſtopt by chilling Froſts, and holds
All Veget'tives in Priſon in her Womb;
All Nature wears an univerſal Gloom.
The Ice o'erſpreads the Rivers, Ponds and Lakes;
The bleating Flocks with ſcanty Food inlakes.
When Hills and Vales with woolly Snows are clade,
And Storms and Tempeſts all the Plains invade,
The human Race are forc'd to 'tend the Fires,
And Cattle feeds, impriſoned in Byres,
Upon the Product of their former Toil,
Till *Sol*'s Approach make Nature 'gin to ſmile.
Thus, like to Winter, is our Infancy;
We've no Perfection; can do nought but cry,
Under the Load of our firſt Parents Guilt,
An heavy Burden, too too ſeldom felt.
Unleſs the Son of Righteouſneſs defuſe
His Influence into our Souls, we chuſe
To entertain bleak Winter all our Days,
And have no Spring, except Iniquities.

II. SPRING.

WHEN PHOEBUS in our Horizon aſcends,
His powerful Heat into the Earth he ſends,
Cauſing all Herbs, Trees, Fruits and Flow'rs to ſpring,
And Birds on various Boughs to chant and ſing.
The Hills and Holms rejoyceth on each Side,
With vernal Green all deck'd and beautify'd.
The tender Buds, they by Degrees break out,
And clothes the Trees with Mantles round about.
The Lambkins skip, ſwift as the skiffing Wind,
And ſprouting Corns glad the Farmer's Mind.
All Things look gay, ſo Reaſon Youth inſpires;
But miſimproves't, and yields to carnal Fires.
He chears his Heart, and feaſts his wanton Eyes
On empty Objects, and falſe Vanities.
Like as the Spring in Beauty doth increaſe,
So Youth aſpires to Pride and Haughtineſs;
Boaſts in his Strength, and other nat'ral Parts;
Thus carnal Thoughts repleniſh carnal Hearts.
He ſhunes the Counſel from the Wiſe-man's Mouth,
That doth adviſe all in the Time of Youth,
To mind our powerful great Creator, who
Can into Hell both Soul and Body throw.

III. SUMMER

THE warmer Sun, and moiſtning Dews that fall,
Brings to Perfection, Fruits, Herbs, great and ſmall.
The weſtern Winds puff gently thro' the Field;
Waving rich Corns fertile Valleys yield.

The

The Herds and Flocks with Pleaſure feed on Hills,
Quenching their Thirſt among the purling Rills.
The careful Ant her little Gran'ry ſtores,
Againſt the Winter's chilling ſleety Showers.
And painful Bees, with pureſt Honey, fills,
Laboriouſly, their narrow waxen Cells.
In this ſweet Seaſon, Birds and Beaſts rejoice;
All Nature ſmiles with new Supplies of Joyes.
E'en ſo is Man in his full Strength of Age;
Nothing he doubts, no Cares his Mind engage.
Except the World, and worldly Gain; he feels
No other Smart; to carnal Fires he yields.
With Courage ſtoutly ſcampers he thro' Life;
Till grown mature, he fondly weds a Wife:
Then tamely toils, Subſiſtence to provide,
For his Domeſticks and his fav'rite Bride,
Now ſome Religion he muſt needs purſue;
His youthful Rambles Age 'gins to ſubdue.
Now is the Time he gains Repute and Fame,
Or Infamy, Reproach, and Scorn, and Shame.
All his Perfections now are at the Height;
His Sun returns, declining down to Night.
Temptations now will ev'ry Day ſurround him,
And many Arrows are deſign'd to wound him.
If he is rich, he's tempted to be proud;
If he is ſtrong, he's tempted to be rude.
If he is poor, he's tempt'd to ſteal and ly;
If he is wiſe, on's Wiſdom to rely.
If he is fooliſh, all Men prize him nought;
If ignorant, he has no Senſe of Thought.
If he's ill match'd, he's tempted to Diſdain;
If he is carnal, certainly profane.
If fortunate, he Fortune ſtill purſues;
If Hapleſs, then much Diſcontent enſues.
His Summer ends, the rip'ning Harveſt comes;
Old Age enſues, that brings us to our Tombs.
The Reaper, *Death*, no Mortal can defy;
And then, as falls the Tree, ſo muſt it ly.

IV. AUTUMN, or HARVEST

TREES, Herbs and Flowers now ceaſe their annual Growth,
And frugal Farmers ſhake themſelves of Sloath,
Call in the Aid of labouring Nymphs and Swains,
To reap the yellow Harveſt from the Plains.
The Sickle cuts down high and low; and all,
With equal Fate, are in the Sheaves let fall.
The beſt reſerved for the next Year's Seed;
The worſt for Food; for ſo it is decreed.
It muſt be grund, eat, and caſt out in Dung;
So is the Fate of all, both old and young.
GOD, as a Farmer, calls his Servant *Death*,
Who, with his Sickle, cuts all Mankind's Breath.
The Beſt reſerv'd for the next World's Good,
With all the Bleſſings of GOD's Spirit endu'd.
The Worſt are left for's Wrath to feed upon,
In endleſs Flames and Miſery to groan.
Thus calls aloud the wheeling Year to Man,
As I have ſung. We may by WINTER ſcan
Our Infancy, wherein we can do nought
But mourn in Guilt we from our Parents brought.
The SPRING doth ſhew our growing Youth, where Vice,
With Nature's Depravation, doth entice
To ſin in Action 'gainſt our GOD, that gave us
Our Beings firſt, and Means of Grace to ſave us.
The SUMMER ſhews our Manhood and our Strength;
And HARVEST Death, that cuts us off at length.
Sure, after Death, we muſt in Judgment ſtand,
Either on CHRIST's Right, or on his Left-hand,
There

There to receive a Sentence of Duration
Beyond Conception, far beyond Expreſſion.
If on his Right-hand, we'll to Heav'n go,
Where we'll be free of Sorrow, Grief and Woe.
Yea, that Mount *ZION*, City of our GOD,
Shall be our laſting and our bleſt Abode;
That holy Place, ev'n new *JERUSALEM*,
Where we ſhall ſhine each as a Seraphim.
If on his Left-hand, Hell muſt be our Lot,
Tormented with a Worm that dieth not.
As Seamen ſhun the dang'rous Rocks and Shelves,
GOD grant us Faith in CHRIST to ſave ourſelves.
In Infancy, our Winter Spring of Youth,
Guide us and ours, LORD, in the Ways of Truth.
And in the Summer of our nat'ral Days,
LORD ſtabliſh, ſtrengthen, ſettle all our Ways.
And, in our Autumn, fit us all for Death,
That, in thy Favour, we may yield our Breath.

A Meditation at the Communion-Table.

WHAT's this I ſee before mine Eye?
Behold 'tis Bread and Wine;
Am I a Gueſt to ſuch a Feaſt,
Yea, to a Feaſt divine?
Yea, more I ſee; oh! woes me!
I ſee a Mount of Sin
Caſt up before my hard Heart's Door,
And Swarms of it within.
Nay more, I ſee CHRIST JESUS dy,
And bleeding on the Croſs,
All for my Sake, that he might take
Away my Tinn and Droſs.

I hear

I hear him cry, I ſee him dy;
I ſee them pierce his Side;
I ſee him bound, in Grave-cloaths wound,
And in a new Grave laid.
With inward Eyes I ſee him riſe,
And, after forty Days,
Aſcend on high, up thro' the Sky;
At GOD's Right-hand he ſtays,
Making Requeſt, as our high Prieſt,
Before his Father's Throne,
For ſuch as he ſhall glorifie
After this World's done.
By this I find, that, in my Mind,
A ſupernat'ral Change
Is fully wrought; whereas my Thought
On Vanities did range.
They're fix'd above, and flames with Love
Towards my bleſſed LORD,
Who underwent Sin's Puniſhment
For me; and Life reſtor'd,
When I was dead, and could not plead,
Or merit ought but Wrath;
But, by his Pain, I live again,
And triumph over Death.
I now abhore what I before
Did love exceedingly;
And doth diſdain the ſervile Chain
Of Satan's Tyranny.
I feel th' Effect of GOD's Reſpect
Toward poor ſinful me;
For, thro' CHRIST's Merit, his holy Spirit
Doth plainly teſtifie,
That CHRIST is mine; and doth incline
Me to obſerve his Will;
For, in my Stead, for me he did
GOD's righteous Law fulfil.

Now, ſince 'tis ſo, to GOD I'll go;
For he will me enable
Salvation's Cup to take, and ſup
With him at his own Table.
The Bread and Wine ſhews the divine
JEHOVAH condeſcended,
That CHRIST ſhould die, Man to ſet free;
In him the Law is ended.
From Satan's Hands, and ſinful Bands,
He ſaves us by his Grace;
From Hell and Wrath, the ſecond Death,
And gives us Life in's Place.
All Glory be, eternallie,
To him, who, by his Pow'r,
His Life laid down, our Souls to crown,
And Life to us procure:
And, when he pleas'd, himſelf he rais'd,
And brake the Bands of Death;
In Triumph he, victoriouſlie,
Hell's Pow'r he conquer'd hath.
Thoſe who get Grace to ſee his Face,
In Reconciliation,
They, by his Love, in Heav'n above,
Do place their Converſation;
And are made free, eternallie,
From any Condemnation;
They act and do, according to
Effectual Vocation.
They have a Right, both Day and Night,
To divine Privileges;
With CHRIST from Heav'n, all Things are giv'n
To ſmooth their Pilgrimages.
The Cloth is ſpread, the Bread is laid;
The Wine ſends forth a Smell
That makes me long to be among
The Saints that doth excel.

In

In Glory high, above the Sky,
Where this celeſtial Feaſt
Laſts ev'ry Day, LORD, grant I may
Be there with thee a Gueſt.
Meanwhile, O LORD, do thou afford
Me Comfort at this Time;
And let me find thee to be kind,
And pardon ev'ry Crime.
When at this Feaſt the Bread I taſte,
It brings freſh to my Mind,
How CHRIST was us'd, how he was bruis'd
As Mill-ſtones Corn do grind.
When in my Hand this Cup doth ſtand,
I think I ſee him bleed;
And, under Wrath, to yield to Death,
Yea, in his En'mies Stead.
When I go from this Table home
Unto the World again,
Make me to fear and perſevere;
From ſinning me reſtrain.

On the Fall of Man.

ALTHO', O LORD, I was deſign'd,
By thee when I was made,
For Services that are divine,
Soon Sin me poiſoned:
And now I muſt be made again,
And born of the Spirit;
Or elſe, from Scripture it is plain,
I'll never Life inherit.

To the holy Trinity on the Redemption of Man.

SUPREME Eſſence, from Eternitie
Three Perſons all in One;
Who Beings gave to all that be,
And Being had of none.
Thro' all Eternity thou waſt,
Now is, and ſhall be ever;
Thy Truth and Mercy they ſhall laſt,
Thro' Ages end ſhall never.
O bleſſed Father, who hath ſent
Thy Son to Earth below,
To ſuffer Sinners Puniſhment,
And free them from Hell's Woe.
And thou moſt bleſſed Son of GOD,
Who was ſo well content
With Sinners vile to make Abode,
When by thy Father ſent.
Likewiſe, thou Spirit of all Grace,
That turns rebellious Wills
To GOD, and makes a final Peace,
And them with Comfort fills.
To thee, O glorious Trinity,
Be Praiſes evermore;
Ay trinal Three in Unity,
Let all Fleſh thee adore.

A Meditation for a Traveller.

UPON this Road I walk Abroad ;
But, oh ! I do not know
But Death may catch, yea, and diſpatch
Me, ere I further go.
Each Step I take, may even make
Me ſtep downward to Hell,
Becauſe I move in Sin, and love
That Luſt ſhould in me dwell.
I bear the Name, yet wants the Frame
Of Chriſtianity ;
Indwelling Luſt I love it moſt,
And hugs it carefully.
O GOD of Pow'r, on me, this Hour,
Send down thy holy Spirit,
And work in me true Love to thee,
That I may Life inherit.
Let me ſtill think, that on the Brink
Of Death I daily ſtand ;
Since ev'ry Hour I am not ſure
But thou'lt my Soul demand.
Let me enjoy that heav'nly Joy
And Peace that's in believing,
That I may ſtand on CHRIST's Right-hand,
When judging Dead and Living.
I with my Soul will GOD extol,
For all his Goodneſs great,
And that he hath not, in his Wrath,
Ere now, made Hell my Fate.

Upon the WORLD.

O Thou, my Soul, why in this World
Doſt thou delight to ſtay;
And as a Drudge by her ay hurl'd,
Still at her Fortune's Sway?
She's painted o'er with Pleaſures rare,
All dreſt in gaudy Hue;
She flatter can beyond compare,
Yet none of them is true.
Like Solomon's vain Harlot, ſhe
Calls to the ſimple Sinner,
Come in, my Friend, and feaſt with me,
Of my fine ſumptuous Dinner.
Here's Pleaſures, Pride, and Profits too;
Here's all Things at thy Will;
Caſt off thy drooping Cares; come thou,
Of Solace take thy Fill.
But thou, my Soul, turn not aſide;
Paſs thou not by her Doors,
For Fear ſhe thee bewitch with Pride,
And ſpoil thy gracious Pow'rs;
For many by her have been ſlain;
She ſtrong Men wounded hath;
Her Houſe the Way to Hell is plain,
Down to the Cells of Death.
Lord give me Grace her to avoid,
And ſlight her gaudy Pride;
Leſt by her Means I be deſtroy'd,
I'll chuſe thee for my Guide.

A Meditation for a Faſt-day before the Communion.

WHAT Day is this? I think it is
A Day wherein I ought
To ſet apart to try my Heart;
Yea, ſearch each Way and Thought.
'Tis a Faſt-day, wherein to pray
For Grace and Humiliation;
Before I taſte the divine Feaſt,
LORD give me Preparation.
I ſhould be fit, I'm call'd to ſit
At our LORD's holy Table,
And there to ſhare of heav'nly Fare;
That is moſt valuable.
LORD ſend a Dart to pierce my Heart;
Increaſe my Faith, that I
Thy Beauty may behold this Day;
My Soul, LORD, purify.
I long have ly'n 'mong Pots profane;
LORD make me like a Dove,
Whoſe Wings are clade with Gold o'erſpread;
Fill me with divine Love.
I was baptiz'd, and ſeem'd well pleas'd
With CHRIST's new Covenant;
And ſhortly now I am to vow,
And ſhew I am content
To leave each Sin that I liv'd in,
And cleave, thro' CHRIST, to thee,
With Heart and Mind, and leave behind
What tends to Miſerie.
My Heart, LORD, raiſe, thy Name to praiſe,
With grateful Senſe of all
Thy Mercies free, beſtow'd on me
A ſinful Criminal.

Who'm

Who'm bred and born in Sin forlorn;
Nothing but Hell's my Due:
But Thanks to thee, thy Grace is free,
Thy Word reveal'd doth ſhew.
For thou haſt laid true Help and Aid
On One who mighty is
To th'uttermoſt, to ſave the Loſt
From Wrath to endleſs Bleſs:
E'en JESUS, who did undergo
The Puniſhment of Sin
To ſet us free from Miſerie,
And Satan's fearful Gin.
Unworthy I, yet, LORD, I'll try
To ſeal the Covenant,
In thine own Strength, in Hopes, at length,
My hard Heart may relent.
LORD grant me Fear to perſevere
In Ways of Holineſs;
And, at the laſt, when Time is paſt,
Enjoy eternal Bleſs.
This TOKEN now doth plainly ſhew
My Evidence for Heav'n:
O LORD, I crave, That I may have
My Guilt and Sins forgiv'n.
Thro' JESUS' Merit, ſend thy Spirit
To guide me in all Truth;
While here I ſtay, protect me aye;
With new SONGS fill my Mouth.

A Lamentation, &c.

O LORD, my GOD, what can I ſay
Concerning this ſad Caſe?
This is a ſad degen'rate Day;
Yea, even in this Place,

We

We are a People that's ſecure ;
No Trade we have with Heav'n ;
Yet Satan's Bondage we endure ;
To Sin and Sloath all giv'n.
From *Iſrael* the Glory's gone ;
Woes us, for we have ſinn'd
Againſt our GOD, the Holy One,
And would not be reſtrain'd.
His gracious Preſence is withdrawn
From ev'ry Ordinance ;
O that a Day of Pow'r would dawn
On his Inheritance.
Becauſe Iniquity abounds,
The Love of many's cold ;
We're full of putrifying Wounds
And Bruiſes manifold.
From Head to Foot, from King to thoſe
That is of Station mean ;
All in a Courſe of Treſpaſs goes ;
To Sin we all are keen.
LORD, we have ſinn'd, we muſt confeſs,
Againſt thy Laws and Light ;
This aggravates our Guiltineſs,
That we thy Statutes ſlight.
How can we think to be excus'd
When JESUS CHRIST ſhall come,
When thy free Grace is ſo abus'd
By all, both old and young ?
For *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, ſure,
And *Tyre* and *Sidon* too,
It will be better in that Hour,
Than us who live juſt now :
For, if the Goſpel had been preach'd
To them, as at this Day,
Their Conſciences it would have reach'd,
And caus'd them watch and pray.

The Heathens ſhall in Judgment ſtand
Againſt us who pretend
To be in CHRIST's Church militant,
Yet have his Laws profan'd.
We will be forc'd to pray the Rocks
And Mountains, at that Day,
To fall, and cover us as Clokes;
But they will all deny.
Where ſhall we go? Where can we fly?
We Shelter will find none,
From the Lamb's frowning Majeſty,
That ſits upon the Throne.
'Tis not in Man that walks, O LORD,
His Ways and Steps to guide;
Do thou thy Spirit's Help afford,
Or elſe we'll turn aſide.
Command a Bleſſing from above,
Upon the Means of Grace;
Increaſe our Faith, Hope, Fear, and Love;
Give us CHRIST's Right'ouſneſs.
Fair as the Sun, clear as the Moon,
LORD, make thy Church to be,
E'en as victorious Armies ſhone
With Banners terriblie:
Unite the Hearts of all thy Prieſts,
In Love and Concord ſtill;
Our Sabbaths and our ſolemn Feaſts,
Bleſs, LORD, of thy good Will.
Awaken thoſe that are aſleep,
That CHRIST may give them Light;
Reclaim the Obſtinate, and keep
All thy Diſciples right.
From Error, Schiſm and Debate,
Purge LEVI's Children all;
Give Grace and Peace in Church and State,
And bleſs us, Great and Small.

But, LORD, we hardly can expect
Such Days of Pow'r to be,
'Cauſe of our wilful ſad Neglect,
And dire Apoſtacie.
Thou threatens us, and juſtly too,
Since we thy Laws forſook;
Thy Abſence troubles us; do thou
Revive us with a Look,
As thou didſt PETER, in the Days
When in thy Humiliation.
Exalt us, LORD, and we ſhall praiſe
Thy Name with Adoration.

The contented Chriſtian, or the Chriſtian's Content.

A MEDITATION.

THRICE bleſſed is the happy Man
That's with his State content,
Who truſts in GOD, he never can
In any Caſe lament.
True Godlineſs is greateſt Gain;
Contentment fills his Mind;
The Promiſes are all his ain,
And GOD to him is kind.
Afflictions, Croſſes, Loſſes, all
Are welcome to him ſtill;
Whatever Lot can him befal,
He yields to GOD's good Will,
If Perſecution ſhould ariſe,
He bears the ſmarting Rod;
With Joy he then lifts up his Eyes,
And firmly truſts in GOD.

If in Reproach, Contempt or Scorn,
He mildly bears it all;
He minds how CHRIST's Good-name was torn,
Revil'd by Great and Small.
If adverſe Poverty and Want
Should pinch him, he is more,
With that ſame Lot of his, content,
Than if he had great Store.
Altho' the Fig-tree may not bloom,
Nor Fruit be in the Vine,
Yet, in his Heart, ſhould not be Room
To fret or to repine.
The Labour of the Olive may
Ceaſe, and ſo periſh all;
And from the Fold the Flocks decay,
Nor Herds be in the Stall;
Yet, in the LORD I will rejoice,
My only Conſolation;
I'll greatly joy in GOD, who is
The GOD of my Salvation.
A Diſh of Herbs I will prize more;
They more Content will yield,
Than Dainties all I had in Store,
That come from Fold or Field.
What tho' I loſs this World's Goods?
They are but empty Toys;
GOD's gracious Promiſes includes
My Share in heav'nly Joyes.
Tho' Sickneſs ſore ſhould me befal,
Or ſad Calamitie,
I'll eye GOD's Providence in all.
When thus he calls on me,
Theſe either are to keep me low,
Leſt proudly I behave,
Or Spurs to puſh me on to know
What I not yet perceive;

Or elſe they are his Chaſtiſements,
To ſhew me how I've ſwerv'd
From's holy juſt Commandements,
And nought but's Wrath deſerv'd.
Why ſhould I then fret or repine
Againſt my Father's Frowns,
When well I know the Fault is mine,
Yet me he not diſowns?
Yea contrary, theſe ſhews his Love
And tender Care for me,
That I may reign with him above,
In true Felicitie.
I'm not a native Heir of Heav'n;
My Rights were forfeit all;
A Baſtard, Vagabond out-driven,
By my Original.
Yet, wonderful! the mighty GOD,
That made all Things of nought,
Did caſt his Eyes of Love Abroad,
And of my State took Thought.
This Wonder yet doth more appear,
When GOD, that cannot ly,
Said, If we diſobedient were,
We ſhould for ever dy.
Yet, out of Love, by Wiſdom, he,
When we were all undone,
His Word to keep, and us ſet free,
Laid our Death on his SON.
GOD paſs'd his Word that we ſhould dy,
And he's a GOD of Truth,
And there is no Iniquity
Comes from his ſacred Mouth.
ADAM did repreſent us all
In that firſt Covenant,
And we with ADAM had our Fall;
Yea, the ſame Puniſhment

Was

Was due to us that he incur'd;
A Puniſhment that none
E'er could or would for us endur'd:
None could our Guilt atone.
In Earth and Heav'n, none was found
To take the Book, and ſay,
I'll looſe the Seals; nay, tho' the Sound
Thro' Heav'n and Earth did fly;
Till JUDAH's Lion, DAVID's Root,
With Pow'r, at laſt, prevails;
The Book did take; to ſolve the Doubt,
He loos'd the ſeven Seals.
May I not then rejoice and ſing,
Inſtead of Fretfulneſs,
When CHRIST, the Lamb of GOD, did bring
Us thus in Terms of Peace?
No Sacrifice, nor Offering,
GOD's Juſtice could appeaſe;
Nay, tho' we our Firſt-born bring,
His Anger would not ceaſe.
But JESUS CHRIST, the Son of GOD,
Of mere good Will, engag'd
For Sin to bear the wrathful Load
Of Juſtice all enrag'd.
O holy GOD, I come, ſaid he,
To do thy ſacred Will;
Thy Juſtice I will ſatisfie;
Thy Laws I'll all fulfil.
In Room of them whom thou haſt choſe
To be redeem'd from Wrath,
I'll ſuffer, that they may rejoice,
And triumph over Death.
All this is Matter of Content;
When I reflect on theſe,
Upon my Luſts it puts Reſtraint,
And fills my Soul with Praiſe.

What Joy to hear the bleſſed News,
That GOD to ADAM ſaid,
Thy Seed, in Time, ſhall ſurely bruiſe
The curſed Serpent's Head.
The Morning Light doth ſtill increaſe
Until the Sun doth ſhine,
So, from this dawning Promiſe, Grace
Increas'd her Beams divine.
To ABRAHAM this was renew'd,
And unto JACOB clearer;
DAVID and all the Prophets view'd
CHRIST's Kingdom ſtill the nearer.
Then roſe the Sun of Righteouſneſs
With Healing in his Wings;
Good-will to Men on Earth, true Peace,
The holy Angels ſings.
The Word made Fleſh, dwelt on the Earth,
Men did his Glory ſee;
Eclipſed Glory in his Birth,
To the dim carnal Eye.
Yet Faith ſees better far than Eyes;
It ſees a Beauty, when
CHRIST in a Stable Manger lies,
Contemn'd by carnal Men,
There were who did, and do behold
His Glory in low Station,
Such Glory as cannot be told,
Tho' in his Humiliation.
Glory as of the only Son,
Begotten of the Father,
So full of Grace and Truth, that none
Can ſpeak or think of either;
Yet ſo eclips'd, that but a few
This Glory did behold;
The Sons of Earth could never view
The ſame, tho' it were told.

Not

Not with a ſplendid Pomp and Fame
This Glory did appear;
Not with a great heroick Name
The Prince of Life came here.
A Virgin mean his Mother was,
Oppreſs'd with Taxes great;
She, pregnant, by Command muſt paſs
To the Collector's Seat.
Unto *Bethlehem*, the chiefeſt Town,
Tho' diſtant from her Home;
Inn-keepers there did her diſown,
And would not give her Room.
She and her Husband then muſt lodge
In ſome old empty Stable;
Fill'd with Content, they did not grudge
At this their Bed or Table.
Oh! wonderful amazing Love,
That GOD ſhould dwell with Men;
That he ſhould leave the Heav'ns above
With Sinners to remain.
Subjected to the Law, yet he
Is only the Law-giver;
Tho' he was GOD, he Man muſt be,
Both GOD and Man for ever.
Tho' he was the Creator, lo,
A Creature he became;
The Nature of Angels did forgo;
Took Seed of ABRAHAM.
May I not then contented be?
Content above all other;
CHRIST hath become all Things for me;
He is mine elder Brother.
When I was in ſuch Miſerie,
As cannot be expreſt;
CHRIST was a Sacrifice for me,
Both Sacrifice and Prieſt.

By Nature I'm an Heir of Wrath,
Yet with Content may ſing;
For CHRIST hath conquer'd Hell and Death;
He is my rightful King.
I am ſo brutiſh, that I am
For nothing that I know fit;
But CHRIST to Earth from Heav'n came,
To teach me as a Prophet.
By Nature I am Enmitie
Againſt my great Creator;
But CHRIST he undertook for me
To be my Mediator.
The Devil pleads, by Law, that I
Be juſtly ruinate;
But CHRIST is always ſtanding by,
My ſtronger Advocate.
Tho' I have been Sinner vile,
And oft did GOD provoke
To thruſt me down to Hell; meanwhile,
CHRIST is my ſaving Rock.
When I was under Juſtice Rod,
With Guilt and Sin all ſtain'd,
Obnoxious to the Wrath of GOD,
CHRIST ſtept in as my Friend.
Yea, ſuch a Friend he prov'd to me,
As I could ne'er expect;
He paid my Debt, and ſet me free;
That makes me thus reflect.
What Love, what Pity, and good Will,
Hath CHRIST to Sinners ſhown?
We made the Breach, he did it fill,
When Helpers we had none.
No Man had ever greater Love
Than for a Friend to dy;
But CHRIST's Love greater far did prove
To me his Enemy.

He ſuffer'd Hunger, Thirſt and Cold;
  He had no where to lodge;
Reproach'd and ſcorn'd, by young and old,
  Wrought like a ſervil Drudge.
One of his Diſciples betray'd
  Him with a feigned Kiſs;
Another of them him deny'd;
  All left him comfortleſs.
He that was Judge of all the Earth,
  Muſt judged be of Men;
He that was ſinleſs from his Birth,
  Muſt in a Goal remain.
From Priſon to the Judgment-Hall
  They brought him; did accuſe him:
The Multitude, both great and ſmall,
  Inhumanly abuſe him.
When they blindfolded him by Turns,
  They ſmote his bleſſed Face;
Their helliſh Minds with Malice burns
  To put him to Diſgrace.
They ſcorning, bade him propheſy
  Who't was that ſmote him laſt:
They all cry'd out, Him crucify,
  Till PILATE Sentence paſt.
His Face with Spittle all beſmear'd,
  Mixt with his precious Blood;
A Murderer to him prefer'd,
  Their Malice was ſo rude.
They ſtript him naked ſhamefully,
  In Sight of all his Foes;
And ſcourged him moſt grievouſly:
  And then, inſtead of Cloaths,
With Purple Mantle him array'd;
  A Reed into his Hand;
A thorny Crown on's Head they laid;
  And mocking round him ſtand,

They bow'd the Knee, and jeſting ſaid,
Hail, thou KING of the Jews;
They ſtruck the Crown upon his Head,
And made the Blood out ſqueeſe.
The Clots of his moſt precious Blood
Came trickling to the Ground;
That all, where e'er he went or ſtood,
Was all beſprinkl'd round.
They all, with one united Voice,
To crucify him cry'd;
To torture him they all rejoice;
On him none Pity had.
They pull'd the Mantle off again,
His own Cloaths put upon him;
Yet, notwithſtanding all this Pain,
Not one was to bemoan him.
Then was Death's Sentence on him paſt,
He muſt be crucify'd:
An heavy Croſs they bring, at laſt,
And on his Shoulders ty'd.
His nat'ral Strength began to fail,
That in the Way he ſtood,
And fainted, while they on him rail,
With ſo much Loſs of Blood.
A Stranger they compell'd to bear
His Croſs with him along,
Unto Mount *CALVARY*, and there
They round about him throng.
Flat on the Ground they laid the Croſs,
And ſtretch'd him, Hands and Feet,
And to the Tree they nail'd them cloſs.
To make his Pains complete,
They ſet the Croſs upon its End,
And let it fall again;
Such cruel Torture they intend,
His Innocence to ſtain.

His Croſs between two Thieves they fixt;
  Then they deride him all:
And when he cry'd I thirſt, they mixt
  Strong Vinegar and Gall,
And put it on a Reed, and held
  It to his ſacred Mouth.
Strange! how theſe Wretches thus rebell'd
  'Gainſt Innocence and Truth.
The God-head was from him withdrawn;
  His human Nature left
With Death to ſtruggle all alone;
  Of Comfort all bereft.
The Pow'rs of Hell triumph'd to ſee
  Him thus forſaken quite:
Thoſe that paſs'd by did vilifie,
  And mock him with Delight.
He ſaved others; now, ſay they,
  Let him his Pow'r exert,
And ſave himſelf from Cruelty,
  Since he was ſo expert.
Strangers at him their Heads did nod,
  And with Blaſphemy rave;
In GOD he truſted; now let GOD
  With Miracles him ſave.
Let CHRIST, the King of *Jews*, deſcend
  Down from the Croſs to Day,
And we'll believe, now in the End,
  What he before did ſay.
This the chief Prieſts and Elders ſaid,
  To aggravate his Grief;
Thus GOD and Man they all deny'd
  This innocent Relief,
Till he was forc'd to cry, *My GOD,*
  My GOD, why has thou me
Forſaken? Nay, ſure this is odd,
  That I am left of thee.

Then

Then muſt his human Nature fade;
  Now yield to Death he muſt.
He cry'd, 'Tis finiſh'd; bow'd his Head;
  And then gave up the Ghoſt.
The Sun withdrew his ſhining Light;
  The Rocks were rent in twain;
The Graves were open'd; Saints that Night
  Roſe from the Dead again.
The Temple-Vail was rent, from Top
  To Bottom, at that Tide:
All Nature ſeem'd her Courſe to ſtop
  When he was crucify'd.
They'd not believe that he was dead,
  Until they pierc'd his Side;
Thence Blood and Water did proceed
  From Wounds both deep and wide.
Then in a new Grave they interr'd
  His bleſſed Corps at laſt;
And then a great Stone they'd prepar'd,
  Laid thereon, ſeal'd it faſt.
Of Sufferings a dreadful Scene
  Our LORD did undergo;
The Wrath of GOD, of Hell, and Men,
  All did him overflow.
Then, was not my Content dear bought
  To him that did procure it
At ſuch a Ranſom, that no Thought
  Enough can e'er admire it?
O wonderful myſterious Love!
  None like it ſure can be;
The Son of GOD come from above
  To ſuffer thus for me,
Who am the vileſt Creature, ſure,
  That's this Day out of Hell;
But, by his Blood, I am made pure;
  My Sins it doth expel.

By riſing from the Grave again,
He took Death's Sting away;
He purchas'd Eaſe to me with Pain,
When I in Bondage lay.
What more Contentment can I have,
Than ſee my LORD, by Faith,
His Life reſume, and from the Grave
Riſe, conqu'ring Hell and Death?
To ſee him on Mount *Olives* ſtand,
In Sight of the Eleven,
Enclos'd with Angels, to aſcend
To GOD's Right-hand in Heav'n;
There for his People makes Requeſt
Before his Father's Throne;
When Prayer by them in Faith's expreſt,
CHRIST pleads them as his own.
He ſends his Spirit us to teach
The Ways of Holineſs;
His Servants he inſtructs to preach
The News of Righteouſneſs.
O bleſſed News! that ſuch as we
Such Favour ſhould obtain;
So highly privileg'd, to be
Redeem'd from Satan's Chain:
Not only ſo, but we are made
To our GOD Prieſts and Kings;
And CHRIST ſhall, as a Shepherd, lead
Us unto living Springs:
Yea, and all Tears wipe from our Eyes,
And ſet our Hearts in Frame;
And ſtir up all our Faculties
To bleſs his holy Name.
O worthy, worthy, is the Lamb
That was for Sinners ſlain;
The promis'd Seed of ABRAHAM,
That gives us Life again.

When

When we were dead in Sins, and loſt,
  Without all Hopes of Grace,
Our Life, alas! him dearly coſt,
  His own Life, and no leſs.
But now he lives; O bleſſed be
  The Rock of my Salvation;
In Heav'n he interceeds for me,
  To my great Conſolation.
His Spirit guides me in all Truth,
  And ſets my Heart in Frame;
And with a new Song fills my Mouth,
  To bleſs his holy Name.
Let Seraphims and Angels bleſs
  His holy Name with me;
Since I'm a Sharer of his Grace,
  His Praiſe I'll magnifie.
For this I know, and am aſſur'd,
  That I with him ſhall reign;
Afflictions here muſt be endur'd,
  But lo they want their Sting:
For CHRIST hath drunk the bitter Cup
  For Sin, that was my Due;
And from the Dead hath lift me up;
  For he did Death ſubdue:
And in Triumph, victorious, he
  Aſcended up on high,
And led captive Captivity,
  That did in Bondage ly:
And he received Gifts for thoſe,
  Yea, thoſe that did rebel,
E'en thoſe that were his keeneſt Foes,
  And nought deſerv'd but Hell.
All this to me gives true Content;
  And my Contentment's this,
That JESUS CHRIST doth compliment
  Me with his Righteouſneſs:

By which alone I'm juſtify'd
  Before his Father's Throne;
And ever after glorify'd
  When Time here ſhall be none.
Tho' here I ſee it but in Part,
  And dark, as thro' a Glaſs,
By Faith, LORD, fix upon my Heart
  What Time ſhall bring to paſs.
When I ſhall ſee thee Face to Face,
  And know as I am known,
And view the beatifick Place
  Of thy majeſtick Throne.
Admiring thy infinite Love
  And Grace beſtow'd on me,
In pure unmixt Content above,
  I'll ſpend Eternitie.
And when King JESUS ſhall deſcend,
  To judge this World below,
His mighty Angels ſhall attend
  Him with a glorious Show.
With Sound of Trumpet, from on high,
  The great Archangel ſhall
Deſcend. All in Grave that ly,
  Shall hear him loudly call,
Ariſe, ye Dead, that in the Grave
  And Duſt of Death do ly,
And come to Judgment. All ſhall have
  Their Doom eternally.
Then my Content to conſumate,
  I, with the Souls above,
The heav'nly Orbs ſhall penetrate
  With Songs of divine Love.
I, with a ſwift angelick Flight,
  Shall from theſe Orbs deſcend,
And at the Grave's Mouth ſhall alight,
  My Body to attend.

There one another we ſhall greet,
With Welcomes of Content;
Then I'll re-enter, when we meet,
My old new faſhion'd Tent,
Made like the Body of my LORD,
With Organs all complete;
Free of Corruption, and decor'd
With ev'ry Member meet,
To ſoar with Seraphs thro' the Sky,
And join the bleſſed Throng
Of Saints and Angels, from on high,
In a triumphant Song.
Then, to my great Content, I ſhall
Among the Bleſſed ſtand,
At the laſt Judgment general,
On JESUS CHRIST's Right-hand,
And hear from his own bleſſed Mouth,
In Favours of us all
Who have believ'd his ſacred Truth,
That Benediction full,
Ye bleſſed of my Father all,
Come, and inherit now
The Kingdom which, before the Fall,
I had prepar'd for you.
For I was hungry, and thou didſt
With Pity on me think,
And gave me Meat, and in the Midſt
Of my Thirſt gave me Drink.
When I was ſick with ſore Diſeaſe,
Thou didſt me Viſits make;
If ought diſturb'd my Peace or Eaſe,
Thou didſt Compaſſion take.
When I was naked, poor and low,
Thou didſt me Cloathing give;
And when I did to Priſon go,
Thou oft didſt me relieve.

Then ſhall we anſwer, LORD, we ne'er
Saw thee in ſuch Diſtreſs;
This is a Myſt'ry, we declare,
LORD, thou doſt now expreſs.
Then ſhall he ſay, In as much as
Thou didſt it unto mine,
The ſame as done to me it was;
The ſame Reward is thine.
Then ſhall our LORD proceed, and ſay
To them on his Left-hand,
Depart, ye Curſed, hence away,
In my Sight do not ſtand;
Hence to eternal Fire, prepar'd
For Satan and his Crew;
He and his Ways was aye preferr'd
Before mine ſtill by you:
For I was hungry, and no Meat
You gave me for Supply;
To ſlack my Thirſt I did intreat,
Yet this you did deny.
When naked, and in Priſon caſt,
A Stranger all forlorn,
And when I turned ſick, at laſt,
In all I was your Scorn.
Then ſhall they anſwer, LORD, we ne'er
Saw thee in ſuch Diſtreſs,
Elſe of our Help you had had Share
In each dejected Caſe.
Then ſhall he ſay, In as much as
Thou didſt it not to mine,
The ſame as not to me it was;
The ſame Reward is thine.
Then ſhall they mourn with Diſcontent,
When Devils ſhall them lead
Unto eternal Puniſhment,
Without the leaſt Remede.

Then we the Sentence ſhall applaud,
As paſt with Equitie;
Tho' in that damn'd and curſed Crowd
Our neareſt Kindred be.
Then ſhall our LORD aſcend on high,
With all his glorious Train,
Up to his Throne of Majeſty,
For ever to remain.
Then Palms of Victory and Peace
Shall unto us be giv'n;
While all the Wicked from his Face
Shall into Hell be driv'n.
Eye hath not ſeen, Ear hath not heard;
Man's Heart cannot conceive
The bleſt Effects of that Reward
We then in Heav'n ſhall have.
When we ſhall enter Heav'n's Gate,
Our Joys ſhall then abound;
Thouſands of Angels ſhall await,
Our Welcomes there to ſound.
No more ſhall Diſcontent moleſt;
No more ſhall Sorrow ſeize us;
We then ſhall fully be poſſeſt
Of ev'ry Thing to pleaſe us.
No more Afflictions; no more Croſs;
And no more Fear of dying;
Yea, no more Grudging; no more Loſs;
And no more Pain nor Crying.
No more Temptations to aſſault;
No more an evil Heart;
No more we can commit a Fault;
Nor from our GOD depart.
There ſhall be none to perſecute;
There none to raiſe Reproach;
There ſhall no Bribes be deſtribute;
No Falſhood can approach.

There no Diviſion; no Debate;
No Malice; no Ill-will;
No Animoſities; no Hate;
But Love and Concord ſtill.
Nought to oppoſe our true Content;
Nought to deſturb our Joy;
Nought there to make us more lament;
Nought there can us annoy.
O then, my Soul, ſay, be content
With all that us befal;
Until a little Time be ſpent,
Then we'll be freed of all.
Then we will fairly bid adieu
To all that's tranſitory,
And changed be from Old to New,
And reign in endleſs Glory.
Which that we may, O GOD, I crave
Thy Sp'rit to guide me here,
Until that Sentence I receive
Before thee to appear.

A Soliloquy for an unregenerate Sinner.

AH! wretched Creature that I am;
In what State have I brought
Myſelf? Alas! now, to my Shame,
Woes me! I ſee my Thought
And evil Heart did me delude.
Ah! ſtill they flatter'd me,
And told me, That my State was good;
But now, alas! I ſee
That I am loſt, yea, ſure undone
For aye, unleſs the LORD
Bring me to CHRIST, and Sin dethrone,
And Strength and Grace afford.

My Sins, O LORD, my Sins, unclean
  Polluted Wretch am I;
More loathſome in thy Sight I've been,
  Than Venom in mine Eye.
O what a grievous Hell of Sin
  Is in this Heart of mine,
Which I have thought aye pure within,
  And wholly to be thine?
I am corrupt in ev'ry Part;
  My Words, my Thoughts and Ways;
My Pow'rs, Performances, and Heart,
  Full of Corruption lies.
Is not my Nature and my Will
  All Enmity within?
I'm forward unto Evil ſtill;
  My Heart's a Sink of Sin.
The Swarms of ſinful Thoughts I have,
  And Words, are out of Number;
Baſe wicked Actions I perceive
  They now my Soul incumber.
The Load of Guilt that's on my Soul,
  My Head is full, my Heart,
My Mind, my Members all are full;
  Yea, Sin fills ev'ry Part.
How do my Sins all ſtare on me?
  How do they Witneſs bear
Againſt me? Woe is me! I ſee
  My Creditors appear.
Ev'ry Commandement takes Hold
  Upon me, for far more
Than thouſand Talents ten Times told,
  Ten thouſand thouſand Score.
O LORD, how endleſs is the Sum
  Of all my Debts to thee?
When they in Reck'ning, LORD, ſhall come,
  Infinite they will be.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe all empty Space were fill'd,
From North, South, Eaſt and Weſt,
With Paper wrote by the moſt skill'd,
In Figures of the beſt,
From Earth to Heav'n what could ſtand,
Short would the Number be;
When all caſt up, the leaſt Command
Craves more than this from me.
My Debt's infinite (Woe to me!)
My Sin's increas'd ſo high;
For they are Wrongs that's done 'gainſt the
Almighty's Majeſty.
If one work Treaſon 'gainſt a King,
Altho' he's but a Man,
Is worthy Racking, Quartering,
Aſunder to be drawn.
That I deſerve far more, I own,
Who lift my Hand ſo high,
'Gainſt Heav'n, and ſtruck at the Crown
Of GOD's great Dignity.
My Sins, my Sins, behold a Troop,
Yea, Multitudes appear;
Their num'rous Armies make me ſtoop,
And Guilt ſounds in mine Ear.
Infinite Evils compaſs me;
Iniquities take Hold
On me, and ſadly terrifie
Me, muſtering ſo bold.
O it were better far to ſee
Hell's Reg'ments on me fall,
Than have my Sins to fall on me,
My ſilly Soul to thrall.
How, LORD, am I ſurrounded ſo,
Before, yea, and behind?
How many up againſt me go?
I am undone, I find.

They ſwarm within me, and without
  They all my Pow'rs poſſeſs ;
My Soul they have enclos'd about,
  And down to Hell me preſs.
This Brood of Hell mans ev'ry Part ;
  My Soul keeps as their own,
'Gainſt GOD that made me ; in my Heart
  They have erect their Throne.
The Sands are many, yet but ſmall ;
  The Mountains great, but few ;
My Sins are more than they are all ;
  As Mountains mighty too.
My Sins are many, but their Weight
  Exceeds their Number far ;
The pond'rous Earth, compar'd, is light,
  More lighter than they are.
It better were, that all the Rocks
  And Mountains fell on me,
Than my Sins cruſhing Load ; the Shokes
  Thereof moſt dreadful be.
With Sin, alas ! I'm loaden ſore ;
  Let Mercy help, O LORD,
Or I'm undone for ever more ;
  Do thou Relief afford.
Preſt down with Guilt, LORD, bear me up,
  Under this Load I feel ;
Or I'll be cruſh'd, without all Hope,
  For ever down to Hell.
If throughly weigh'd my Grief were, and
  My Sins in Balance laid,
They would be heavier than the Sand ;
  My Words are ſwallowed.
They would weigh down the Rocks and Hills
  That in the World ſtands ;
And turn the Balance 'gainſt the Iſles
  That Earth or Sea commands.

My mighty Sins, O LORD, thou knows
How manifold they be;
And my Tranſgreſſions o'er me goes;
They are not hid from thee.
Once did my Soul in Glory ſtand;
Now humbled art; but where?
Once the Creation's Glory, and
GOD's Image thou didſt bear,
But now a Lump of Filthineſs,
Of Rottenneſs a Cheſt;
All cover'd o'er with Lothſomeneſs,
That cannot be expreſt.
Oh! how hath Sin thee ruinate?
Thou ſhalt be nam'd forſaken;
Thy Faculties all deſolate;
Thy chiefeſt Rooms down taken.
Thy Name ſhall be call'd ICHABOD;
Or, *Where's the Glory gone:*
How dreadfully art thou down trode,
Inglorious wretched One?
My Beauty to Deformitie,
My Glory into Shame
Is turned now; O LORD, I ſee
What lep'rous Wretch I am.
When JOB and LAZARUS their Boils
And Ulcers ran full ſore,
To Man's Eyes, nor in his Noſtrils,
Was not offenſive more,
Than I muſt needs be, in the View
Of GOD's great Majeſty,
Who is of purer Eyes, than to
Behold Iniquity.
What Mis'ry have my Sins, alas!
O LORD, brought me upon?
Sold under Sin; in what a Caſe
I am, to thee 'tis known.

Out of God's Favour I am caſt;
  Curs'd from the Lord I am;
In Soul and Body I am curs'd;
  In Kindred, State, and Name.
All that I have is curs'd; and hath
  My Sins unpardoned;
My Soul within a Step of Death;
  Alas! where is Remede?
What ſhall I do; or whether will
  I either look or go?
God, from above, frowns on me ſtill;
  Hell gapes for me below.
My Conſcience ſmites me ſore within;
  Temptations me ſurrounds
About, without; oh Sin! oh Sin!
  My Soul and Body wounds.
Where ſhall I fly, or can abide
  From God's Omniſciency?
What Pow'r can me ſecure or hide
  From his all piercing Eye?
Alas! my Soul, what mean'ſt thou now
  Thus to go on content?
Art thou in League with Hell? Haſt thou
  With Death made Covenant?
Art thou in Love with Miſery?
  Here is it good to be?
Alas! what ſhall I do? Shall I
  Live in Iniquitie?
Why then? Damnation, certainly,
  Will be mine End, 'tis plain,
If in a nat'ral State I ſtay,
  Or in known Sins remain.
Ah! ſhall I ſo beſotted be,
  And madded, as to ſell
My Soul to Flames, eternallie,
  For what prognoſticks Hell?

For Pleaſure, Fleſh-Content, or Gain,
Shall I longer delay,
In this my wretched State remain;
I dy, if here I ſtay.
What then? Is there no Help, no Hope?
Except I turn there's none;
Yet is the Door of Mercy ope'
To ſuch a Woeful one.
Is there Redemption, after ſuch
High Provocation?
GOD's Oath is plight, and that is much,
To give Salvation.
He will have Mercy yet, if I
Unfeignedly do climb,
And turn me unreſervedly,
By JESUS CHRIST, to him.
O GOD, I'll thank thee, ear and late,
Upon my Soul's bent Knee,
That hitherto thy Patience great
Hath waited upon me:
For, hadſt thou taken me away,
In this Eſtate, I had
Been caſt off from thy Mercy aye;
For certain periſhed.
But now, let free Grace be ador'd,
Since Mercy it is free;
I will accept thy Offers, LORD,
Thro' JESUS ſtrength'ning me.
My Sins, O LORD, renounce I will;
And ſo reſolve, by Grace,
To ſet myſelf againſt them ſtill,
And follow thee for Peace.
In Holineſs and Righteouſneſs,
All my appointed Time;
Until that my Life's Motion ceaſe,
I will thy Praiſes chime.

Who am I then, O LORD, that I
Should make a Claim to thee;
Or have a Part or Portion by
Thy Grace beſtow'd on me,
Who am not worthy, certainly,
To lick Duſt from thy Feet?
Since thou holdſt forth the Sceptre, I
Am bold to touch at it.
If I deſpair, I Mercy ſlight;
Or, to ſtand off, when thou
Call'ſt me to come, is great Unright,
And would me quite undoe.
If Humiliation I pretend,
And ſo rebel 'gainſt thee,
'Twill prove Deſtruction in the End;
Therefore I come to be
A Proſtrate at the Throne of Grace,
With hearty Reſignation;
Extend thy Mercy, LORD, ſpeak Peace,
And give me thy Salvation.
I will accept, with Thankfulneſs,
Of thee, O LORD, as mine;
And will give up all, more and leſs,
I have, to thee, as thine.
O'er me and mine, thou Sov'reign ſhall
Be, and my King and GOD,
Thou ſhalt be in the Throne, and all
My Pow'rs be at thy Nod.
They worſhip ſhall thy Feet before,
For thou my Portion art;
I'll reſt in thee, O LORD; therefore
Thou art my better Part.
Thou calleſt for my Heart; oh! that
It were made fit for thy
Acceptance, Bleſſed LORD, but what
A worthleſs Wretch am I

Of any Gift, or to be thine?
But, ſince thou'lt have it ſo,
I freely do my Heart reſign;
Take it as thine; and O!
That it were better. LORD, I put
It freely in thine Hand;
For thou alone canſt faſhion it
Into a Mould to ſtand.
O make it after thine own Heart,
As thou would have it; ſoft,
Humble, and heavenly in each Part,
As thou haſt promis'd oft.
O make it holy, ſound and pure;
Yea, altogether fit,
That I thy Favour may procure
To write thy Laws in it.
O come, LORD JESUS, quickly come;
Enter triumphantly;
Take me for ever to Thee home;
I yield each Faculty.
Thou art the Way; to thee I come,
With Guilt of Sin o'erload;
Thou'rt Mediator, and by whom
I can approach to GOD.
I have deſtroy'd myſelf; but in
Thee is my Help: LORD ſave
Me, elſe I'll periſh in my Sin,
And ſink below the Grave.
I, as a Pannel, come to thee,
With Rope about my Neck,
Acknowledging I ought to die,
And worſe than Death expect.
The Hires more due ſure never were
To Servants; nor the Penny
More due unto the Labourer;
No, not ſo due to any,

As Death and Hell is unto me.
  Theſe are my Wages due;
But to thy Merits, LORD, I flie;
  I truſt thou'lt me reſcue,
By Virtue of thy Sacrifice,
  And by thy Interceſſion:
Thy Teaching, LORD, doth me ſuffice;
  Guide thou my Converſation.
Stand wide, ye everlaſting Doors;
  Plain Paſſage that you may
Give to King JESUS, and his Pow'rs;
  For he's to come this Way
Into my Soul and Heart, to take
  Poſſeſſion evermore.
O all Pow'rs of my Soul awake,
  And praiſe the King of Glore.
O bleſſed Sp'rit of the Moſt High,
  That Conſolation brings,
Who doſt thy Choſen ſanctify,
  And guides them in all Things,
Come in with thy Hoſtiſitie,
  And courtly 'Tendants all;
Thy Fruits and Graces plant in me,
  And let me hear thy Call.
Thine Habitation make thou me;
  But nothing I can give,
But what is thine, O LORD, to thee,
  Yet I deſire to live.
With the poor Widow, I caſt two
  Poor Mites, as all I have,
My Body and my Soul, into
  Thy Treaſury to ſave.
Them I reſign entire to thee;
  O ſanctify them now
To be thy Servants; then I'll be
  Changed from old to new.

They'll be thy Patients, cure them now
Of all Diſeaſe and Pains;
They'll be thy Agents, govern thou
Their Motions by thy Reins.
To Satan and the World I have
Too long a Servant been;
Now I'll renounce them all, and crave
Thy Bleſſing on each Mean.
Thy Dictates and Directions ſhall
Still be my Rule for ever;
My Guide ſhall be thy Counſels all;
O LORD, forſake me never.
Moſt glorious bleſſed Trinitie,
And Unity in one,
Myſelf I render up to thee;
Receive me as thine own.
Thy Name on me, LORD, write, and ſet
Thy Mark on all I have,
As thine own proper Goods; and let
Thy Sp'rit me guide and ſave.
Each Member of my Corps mark thou;
And all the Faculties
Of my poor Soul, O LORD, for now
Thy Precepts is my Choice.
Thy Laws I'll lay before mine Eyes;
They ſhall the Copy be
Which I ſhall keep; and all my Days
I'll write ſtill after thee.
According to this Rule I'll walk,
In Strength of thy great Grace;
Thy Laws ſhall govern Thoughts and Talk,
And all that I poſſeſs.
Altho' I cannot perfectly
Keep thy Commands, I'll not
Allow to break the leaſt, or by
Me ever be forgot.

The Devil, the World, and the Fleſh,
Tempt me, they will, to ſtop;
But thy free Sp'rit will me refreſh,
Becauſe in thee I hope.
Now I reſolve, in thine own Strength,
To cleave to thee always,
That I may in the Heav'ns, at length,
Trump forth thy laſting Praiſe.
What e'er it coſt me, well I ken't,
I'll loſe nothing by thee;
Therefore I'm heartily content
With each Difficultie.
Of all that's ſinful, thro' thy Grace,
I will myſelf deny;
To follow thee I will not ceaſe
Until the Day I dy.
Thy Yoke is eaſy, LORD; thy Croſs
Is welcome, as it is
The Way to thee: I'll count but Loſs
All worldly Happineſs.
I'll be content to tarry, till
The Time I come to thee:
Here, poor and low, let me be ſtill
Deſpis'd, ſo I may be
Admitted once to live in Bliſs
With thee, hereafter, LORD.
Thou haſt my Heart and Hand to this
Agreement, and my Word.
Like to the MEED's Laws let it be,
And PERSIANS; LORD, command
It never be revers'd; make me
For ever thereto ſtand.
This Reſolution I will ſtill
Keep till the Day I dy;
I ſworn have, perform't I will;
And that moſt chearfully.

To keep thy Statutes I ll rejoice;
I given have my free
Conſent; my everlaſting Choice
Is made with none but thee.
Now, O LORD JESUS, ſay *Amen*;
Confirm the Contract Band,
That I before thy FATHER's Throne
In Purity may ſtand.
O thou my Soul, riſe up, and ſing
Praiſe to the Trinitie,
Who doth from Death to Life me bring,
And from Hell ſet me free.
All Glory to the FATHER, to
The SON and HOLY GHOST;
As't was from the Beginning, ſo
Is, and for aye ſhall laſt.

A Meditation when one entreth into the Houſe of GOD, the Church, on the LORD's Day.

GEN. xxviii. 16, 17. *Surely the LORD is in this Place*, &c.

WHAT Rev'rence, what Awe and Dread
Upon my Soul ſhould be,
When in this Place thou haſt decreed
For thine to worſhip thee?
This is thy Houſe; this is the Gate
Of Heaven, and no leſs;
Here in this Place I ought to wait
For thy pure Righteouſneſs.

Thy

Thy Preſence thou haſt promiſed
To thine own People here;
Thy Majeſty I ought to dread,
And to approach with Fear:
For thou art holy, juſt and true;
And thy great Pow'r extends
Above whatever Mortals knew;
Thy Faithfulneſs ne'er ends.
Thou ne'er delights in Wickedneſs,
Nor yet in Sinners Death;
But rather that in Righteouſneſs
They ſeek to thee by Faith.
Thou art a Spirit; and all thoſe
That mint to worſhip thee,
Shou'd worſhip thee (the Scripture ſhows)
In Truth and Puritie.
This is the Place thou haſt ordain'd
Where we thy Face ſhould ſeek:
Forbid, O LORD, it be profan'd
By ought that I ſhall ſpeak.
Thy Preſence did the Temple fill,
Of old, as I do read;
And lo, this is thy Temple ſtill;
Then ought not I take Heed
How I behave before and in
Thy Preſence, that's divine?
Leſt with my Tongue or Heart I ſin,
LORD keep me ſtill as thine.
How dreadful is this Place which thou
Haſt ſet apart to be
Thy Place of Worſhip? Yea, and how
Well reverenc'd by me?
When MOSES in the Wilderneſs
The burning Buſh beheld,
A Sight ſo great and glorious,
That him with Wonder fill'd.

But, when he came to understand
What in the Bush he found,
He loos'd his Shoes, at thy Command,
Because 'twas holy Ground.
Such Reverence becomes all those
That would approach to thee;
Therefore, O LORD, my Heart dispose
To worship rev'rentlie.
Meek MOSES did both quake and fear
Thy Presence to behold;
Ought I not then, much more, forbear
To tamper, or make bold?
LORD help me to approach to thee
In thine abundant Grace,
That I may worship rev'rentlie,
When in thy holy Place.
Here ought no idle Talk be heard;
No Sport or Pastime made,
Where GOD is only to be fear'd,
And still in Rev'rence had.
Here we are to expect to hear
GOD's Word, and feel his Spirit,
With holy Awe, and filial Fear,
Thro' JESUS CHRIST his Merit.
How great Ingratitude appears,
When we profane GOD's Day,
To gratify our carnal Ears
With idle Talk or Play?
Much more when in his holy Place,
If we give Way to these,
We cannot see his gracious Face,
When we him thus displease.
Six Days for Labour GOD allows,
And sinless Recreations;
But, on the Seventh, to pay our Vows
With pure Ejaculations;

Thy Preſence thou haſt promiſed
To thine own People here;
Thy Majeſty I ought to dread,
And to approach with Fear:
For thou art holy, juſt and true;
And thy great Pow'r extends
Above whatever Mortals knew;
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That him with Wonder fill'd.

But, when he came to underſtand
What in the Buſh he found,
He loos'd his Shoes, at thy Command,
Becauſe 'twas holy Ground.
Such Reverence becomes all thoſe
That would approach to thee;
Therefore, O LORD, my Heart diſpoſe
To worſhip rev'rentlie.
Meek MOSES did both quake and fear
Thy Preſence to behold;
Ought I not then, much more, forbear
To tamper, or make bold?
LORD help me to approach to thee
In thine abundant Grace,
That I may worſhip rev'rentlie,
When in thy holy Place.
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No Sport or Paſtime made,
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With idle Talk or Play?
Much more when in his holy Place,
If we give Way to theſe,
We cannot ſee his gracious Face,
When we him thus diſpleaſe.
Six Days for Labour GOD allows,
And ſinleſs Recreations;
But, on the Seventh, to pay our Vows
With pure Ejaculations;

And in his Temple to attend
His Worſhip rev'rently;
So, perſevering to the End,
With all Humility,
LORD grant I may, with SOLOMON,
My Foot ſtill keep with Care,
When holy Ground I enter on,
Within thy Temple fair;
More ready ſtill to hear, than give
The Sacrifice of Fools;
And guide me, while on Earth I live,
By thy unerring Rules.
Reſtrain my Mouth, leſt any Time
Too raſh I chance to be;
LORD keep my Heart from haſty Crime
Of Utterance 'gainſt thee:
For thou in Heav'n art, and I
Upon this Earth am now;
Therefore, within thy Sanctu'ry,
LORD grant my Words be few.
Fools never do conſider where,
Nor unto whom they ſpeak;
For always they are void of Fear;
All Rev'rence they neglect.
A Wedding, or a Country Fair,
And GOD's Houſe are the ſame;
To ſee, and be ſeen, is their Care;
No more's at Heart with them.
They chat and tattle idle Tales;
Their Neighbours Fame defames;
This World's God o'er them prevails;
Their Hearts aſcendant claims.
Such ſhall, at laſt, be made to ſee
Their Evils; in the End,
Wrath on their Heads ſhall poured be,
And no Time left to mend.

LORD give me Grace, that I may ſhun
Th' Aſſembly of that Kind,
That divine Favours I may win,
And after, Glory find.
In Hopes of this, for JESUS Sake,
To GOD I'll render Praiſe;
And, thro' his Grace, I'll ever make
GOD's *Sabbaths* holy Days.

FINIS.